

The Lazy, Septed Shag.
"The shag is the laziest and most stupid form of life to be found anywhere on the globe. It is an aquatic fowl with big, clumsy looking beak and with a form something like the dodo, now extinct," said a western man. "I have spent much time in watching this fowl, which is found in some of the shallow lakes, and the chief point of interest to me was the startling stupidity displayed. They generally squat on stumps or logs in the lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bill with considerable precision when they dig for game. But they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one and maybe more than one member of another kind of water fowl."

"Whenever a shag begins to catch fish, a long legged, long necked water hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands a fish, the water hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment and without turning around, the shag will continue his watch for fish, and this is kept up until the water hen has finished a meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of its own sleepy efforts."

"I have on one occasion seen one shag feed as many as three water hens before eating a single fish. It is certainly a singular display of stupidity, and after having watched the performance a number of times I am convinced that the shag is actually too dull to even know that the water hen stands behind him to steal the fish out of his mouth."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

English Robbers.

Speaking of the early Plantagenet period, Mr. Henry, in his "History of Great Britain," remarks that the number of robbers was so great that the judges could not prevail upon the juries to find any of them guilty.

Even under the most rigorous administration of Edward III a numerous band of them assailed the town of Boston in 1325 at the time of the fair, set it on fire and carried off an immense booty in money and goods. Their leader, one Robert Chatterlain, a gentleman of great power and wealth, was taken, tried and executed, but he could not be prevailed upon to discover any of his accomplices. As the other robbers of this period were very numerous, so some of them were very cruel, and the character which one of their chiefs wore embroidered upon his coat in letters of silver might be applied to many others—"an un Captain Warner, commander of a troop of robbers, an enemy to God, without pity and without remorse," (Henry's "History of Great Britain," book 4, chapter 7)—Gentleman's Magazine.

Benton.

When Thomas Hart Benton, the noted Missourian, wrote his famous work, "Thirty Years In the United States Senate," which every one praises and no one reads, his publishers, D. Appleton & Co., wrote to him asking how large a first edition should be printed. His reply was:

"Sir, they can ascertain from the last census how many persons there are in the United States who can read, sir." And that was the only suggestion he would ever condescend to make.

Benton was massive in body and muscular. No man in public life was his equal in physical strength, endurance and courage. In reference to a quarrel in the senate he once said: "I never quarrel, sir. I sometimes fight, sir, and when Benton fights, sir, there is always a funeral, sir."

Benton was steadfastly devoted to the Union. He broke with many friends in consequence. He bore the cognomen "Old Bullion" because of his support of bimetallism.

Tarantulas Are Enemies.

Tarantulas are considered deadly foes to each other and are seldom found in company. When imprisoned together, there is a fight, one succumbs and is eaten by the victor. Nature has done a service in making the tarantula so hideous and formidable looking an object. Indeed, it is owing to this repulsiveness that no greater number of persons are stung. The sight of the great, hairy spider crawling near by will cause a cold, creeping sensation down the back of almost any one.

A Victim's Argument.

"You have no nerve at all," said the disgusted dentist to the patient who was making a frightened fuss.

"Now listen to that," returned the patient warmly—"blaming me for lack of nerve when you told me not five minutes ago that you'd extracted most of it and intended to kill what was left."—Chicago Post.

A Day of Rest.

How thankful we should be for one day's rest in seven. All we have to do on the Sabbath is—split the wood, light the fire, dress the children, feed the mule, read the paper, figure up how much we've lost during the past week and then go cheerfully to meeting—Atlanta Constitution.

Going by Contractors.

"When a lady says 'No,' she means 'Yes,'" observed the philosopher of the boarding house, "and when her papa throws you down the front steps and swears at you until you have disappeared in the gloom there seems to be something contrary about him too."—Baltimore American.

A Real Need.

"Why, oh, why," wailed the woman, picking up the watch at her feet and holding it to her ear, "doesn't somebody invent a watch that you don't stop without its stopping?"—New York Sun.

A Tedium Performance.

"Uncle Jerry," asked his down-town relative, "how do you like your ventriloquist soup?"

"The soup's good enough," replied Uncle Jerry from beyond the curtains, "but it's a lot of bother to have to take out all these stricts."—Chicago Tribune.

Athletic Appetites.

"The actual amount of good roast beef that a table of athletes will consume," writes Walter Camp in "The Century," "is something appalling to the uninitiated. Three members of a Yale football team once went to Cambridge to watch a match between Harvard and some other team. These three men stopped at a hotel for their luncheon. Among other things the spokesman of the party ordered three portions of cold roast beef. 'But, sir,' said the waiter, 'two portions will be a great plenty for all three of you.' The giant of the party looked up blandly at the servant and said, 'You bring the three portions and then watch us eat it.'

"When the writer was captain of the team, long before the days of special method in management, the eleven were to play at Cambridge and, leaving New Haven the afternoon of the day preceding the match, went to a Boston hotel for dinner and the night. Most of the men were readily collected at one or two large tables, but a certain rusher, being late, had seated himself at a table in a distant part of the dining room, and he was told by the manager to order his own dinner. That boy's dinner, and it is needless to say that it was without wine, came to the extraordinary total of \$13.50! He was quite able to play the next day, however."

The Joke on the Snake Charmer.

Rear Admiral Hobley D. Evans when a young officer was on the Indian station in the man-of-war Delaware. With several others he set up a bungalow on shore. He tells in "A Sailor's Log," published by the Appletons, what happened to a snake charmer that came along:

"The unfortunate thought came to one of our men that it would be a good idea to get the Mohammedan drunk to see what he would do. So he prepared a dose for him that was very effective. He poured a good stiff drink of brandy into a beer glass and then filled it with gin instead of water. The charmer took kindly to the drink and in a short time rolled out of his chair on to the floor very drunk and was soon fast asleep."

"The bag of snakes had not been thought of up to this time, but it also fell, and the inhabitants quickly spread over the floor. In the meantime five American officers took to the table and, drawing their feet up, carefully remained there until the snake charmer slept off his dose. He snored quietly while the snakes crawled over and around him, but it was a long time before he finally came to himself, secured his pets and took them away. We did not repeat that experiment."

Clocks With "Wheels."

"Clocks are certainly queer things," said the man who was tittering at the half clock in a suburban house the other day. "They get cranky spells just like people. Sometimes they really act as though they were bewitched. A friend of mine had a little clock that behaved itself and kept good time for years. One day it took a notion to lay off for awhile, and they couldn't get it started again. My friend's wife was cleaning the room several days afterward, and she took the clock and laid it down flat on its back on a chair. It started to go at once and ticked away at a great rate, but as soon as she placed it on end it stopped again. Well, they set it, and for a time it acted all right as long as it remained on its back. But it soon got cranky again and refused to go. The other day, just for fun, they turned it upside down, and, would you believe it, that crazy clock started off again. Now it only runs when it is standing on its head, and they are wondering what new foolishness it will develop next!"—Boston Record.

Sleeping Car Etiquette.

It seems that there is an unwritten code of sleeping car etiquette which has its fine distinctions. The International says: "The seasoned traveler enters the Pullman as if it were a room in a club with which he is familiar, but which he has not visited for some time. He stows away his belongings, according to his habit, puts on his traveling cap and a pair of light shoes or slippers and overgarters, gets out his newspaper and books and, not forgetting his smoking outfit, is ready to be comfortable. Be it remembered that if slippers be donned they must always be accompanied by overgarters, for without these latter the slipped foot is not permissible under the unwritten law of sleeping car travel."

When California Was Unknown.

In an old geography printed in 1815 appears the following: "California is a wild and almost unknown land. Throughout the year it is covered with dense fogs, as damp as unhealthy. In the interior are volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snows, which sometimes shoot columns to great heights. This would seem nearly incredible were it not for the well authenticated accounts of travelers."

Not Satisfactory.

"Mose," said Mr. Subbys, "I want you to clean out my cellar tonight."

"Dood, sah," Mose protested. "I kin' do no wukk latk dat at night, sah, dat would be satisfactory to yo', sah."

"Why, not? You're often cleaned out my chicken coop at night."

"Yes, sah; but I reckon dat wuzn' satisfactory to yo', sah."—Philadelphia Record.

Chronic Condition.

Prospective Tenant—Of course the house needs repairs.

Owner—Huh! Did you ever see a house that didn't?—Indianapolis News.

The first European book that ever appeared in the Japanese language was a translation from the German of Heine's songs.

When Coronets are Worn.

The only occasion upon which the British peer or peeress wears a coronet is at the coronation of a sovereign. At the moment when the archbishop of Canterbury places the crown on the head of the new monarch every peer present at the ceremony dons his own coronet.

YOEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

The Original Bullets of the Famous Regiment of "Blue-esters."

In all the ceremonies connected with the obsequies of Queen Victoria and the accession of King Edward, the prominent part played by the Yeomen of the Guard has been very noticeable. Americans know that the yeomen are the "blue-esters" who form such a picturesque accessory of the Tower of London, and even those who have not visited that historic building know the quaint costume of the yeomen from Gilbert and Sullivan's play. But Americans and Englishmen alike are usually ignorant of the history and original duties of this famous body of royal retainers, says the New York Times.

The regiment of the Yeomen of the Guard is the most ancient in England. It was formed by Henry VII, just about the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, as a personal guard, which should at the same time perform various duties when his majesty was traveling. Some of the members of the body in this way came to bear titles that sounded strangely enough to modern ears. There are six "Yeomen Hangers," for instance, who have no connection with the public executioner, but whose original duties were to take down and put up the royal tapestries and embroideries, always carried by the king when he moved from one place to another. Four of the Yeomen are in like manner entitled "Yeomen Bed-Goers." Their duty was to care for the sovereign's bedding when he was on his journeys. It is hardly necessary to say that such services as these are no longer required from the Yeomen, but the Hangers and Bed-Goers draw some additional pay to this day.

At the present time the duties of the regiment, which is made up of veterans from the regular army, most of them non-commissioned officers, are comparatively light, though the many royal functions in the last few weeks must have been rather trying to them. Forty of the Yeomen act as warders of the Tower of London, and the rest are on duty at all state functions, acting theoretically as a royal bodyguard, but actually as handsome pieces of bric-a-brac.

However, King Edward may elect to use the Yeomen for one purpose not wholly decorative—as a guard for his box when he goes to the theater. Queen Victoria used to do so when in her early days she attended the theater in state, and the precaution of having a guard for the sovereign in places of amusement is regarded as by no means an unnecessary one.

The captain of "His Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard" is the ninth Earl Waldegrave, who succeeded to the post on the death of Lord Limerick in 1896. The post always goes to a peer, and carries with it a salary of £1,200 a year. Lord Waldegrave is one of the best shots in Great Britain, and is vice-chairman of the National Rifle Association. The lieutenant of the regiment is Col. Sir Horatio Page Vane.

FLATTERY MADE THE MATCH.

POOR YOUNG MAN WINS RICH GIRL BY HIS FLATTERING STYLE OF PROPOSAL.

A short time ago the engagement of a North Clark street young man was announced to an heiress of no small amount of bank notes, real estate and railroad bonds. He worked at an insignificant position downtown and received only \$15 a week, and many there were who wondered how and by what manner of means he had won the heart of the envied girl, says the Chicago Chronicle.

His friends and her friends did wonder until a few days ago, but now they know, or at least his friends know, for at a dinner, a bachelor affair, he consented to tell them how it all came about.

"You see," he said, "I knew she was quite vain about a few things, and after thinking it all over I mapped out a plan of action. One night when I was sitting close to her before a dull-burning grate that threw out a few flickering streaks of light I felt that the time had come for me to propose."

"Dropping before her on my knees I exclaimed in my most passionate and winning tone that I loved her and that I would throw my fortune at her feet."

"Why," she said, "I did not know you had a fortune."

"Then I told her it would not take much of a fortune to cover her tiny feet. That's the way I got 'er, fellows."

WATER AS A BEAUTIFIER.

Nature's Cleanser and Tonic and Its Beneficial Effect on Women Who Drink It.

There is no real standard of beauty unless we except the lines for which an artist looks. We are not all artists, and we judge of beauty by our own ideals. Each nation has its standard; the ideals of one would not be those of another. Nevertheless there is one standard which we all recognize—that of good health. It shines in the eye, glows in the cheek, reddens the lip and quickens the step. It also makes one at peace with the world, for, indeed, as a rule the temperament is simply a matter of the liver. A torpid liver will in time spoil the temper of an angel, says Maude C. Murray-Miller, in Woman's Home Companion.

How many women drink enough water? Very few, indeed, and no wonder they have dried-up, wrinkled faces and figures! And yet every woman can have a water cure at home. The first thing after rising in the morning the teeth should be brushed, and one or two glasses of water drunk. If the liver needs stimulating, the water should be hot and a little salt added. Drink frequently between meals, but never while eating. Fully a pint of water should be taken before breakfast and on retiring at night.

When Coronets are Worn.

An Observant Man.

"I had intended," said Mrs. Reuben Necke at the supper table, "to go down town today to look at some stockings, but it rained so all afternoon."

"Why," remarked Mr. Reuben Necke, absent-mindedly, "that's the best time to see them!"—Philadelphian Press.

INCREASE OF COLONIES.

If Queens Can Be Gotten Ready Early, This Is a Comparatively Early Undertaking.

It is always safe to increase your colonies no faster than the bees are storing honey to support them, but we may increase much in advance of this, if we see proper to do so, and feed the required amount of stores to keep them. We usually can get what increase we want by natural swarming, but we can artificially increase much ahead of natural swarming. The greatest increase depends upon queen rearing, and if we are successful in getting queens ready, we can increase at a rapid rate.

We should begin rearing queens as early in the spring as possible, and start each colony from one frame nucleus, but we should not begin thus drawing on the colonies until they are good and strong, and most of the frames containing brood. When colonies thus are strong, we can obtain an immense amount of brood from them, by inserting empty frames of comb in the brood chamber when the queen will fill them with eggs on short notice, and when thus filled, add them to the nucleus started. With a number of good colonies, we can thus nearly average a frame of brood per day with each colony, for the purpose of building up these nuclei, and as the result of attending strictly to work, we can attain more than double the number of bees otherwise.

We can do this without weakening the parent stock, and thus get the extra amount of brood over and above what the queen would have produced otherwise for want of room to do her best laying. Queen rearing must be kept ahead at all times, and there is scarcely any limit to this, if we proceed properly with the work. No trouble to at least make ten colonies from one, and have this one a good one at the end of the season. Strong colonies with exceptional queens will produce two frames of brood, while some will but one. For a reasonable increase, swarming will give the best results and be self-supporting.—A. H. Duff, in Farmers' Voice.

BEES AND THEIR WAYS.

Bees are very eager to gather pollen in early spring. They use it exclusively for food for their young.

Pollen, honey and water, digested by the bees, is what the food for the young bees is composed of, and when prepared resembles thick cream.

Dust of finely ground grain is substitute for pollen, and the bees will gather it in their pollen baskets with as much earnestness as the regular pollen from flowers.

It is very profitable for both the fruit grower and the beekeeper if the weather is fine at the time of the blooming of fruit trees. The bees get the honey, and while at work fertilize the blossoms by carrying pollen from one blossom to another.

Twenty-five pounds of good sugar, costing about \$1.50, and a little attention to a colony of bees from early spring until the honey harvest opens, should, in a fair honey season, bring you \$25 worth of surplus honey, with a good colony left with plenty of honey to carry it over until the next season.

It is natural for bees to swarm without storing any great quantity of surplus honey. So that we must control swarming, if we wish to secure large crops. The best way to do this is to keep the colony well supplied at all times during the honey season with surplus storage room. It is when they become crowded they take a notion to swarm.

For 10 or 12 colonies of bees one will need perhaps ten dollars' worth of surplus boxes, foundations, supers, etc., on hand ready for immediate use. To neglect having these will be a loss of fully ten times their cost. This is no high estimate of the loss at all, and it may double this. It will pay to give the bees proper attention, and to learn how to do it if you keep them.

—Farmers' Voice.

A ROOSTING DEVICE.

Its Feline Advantages Are Its Strength and Possibility of Getting a Straight Perch.

A convenient and serviceable roosting perch for fowls is made by nailing a narrow strip of board, A, on the edge of a wider one. A seven-inch board is thick enough. The narrow

ROOSTING PERCH.

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Good Health

is doubtless the highest human good. It is especially so to women, to whom it means the preservation of beauty, happiness in the home, and the enjoyment of social duties. There can be no good health for any woman who suffers from womankind diseases. Her complexion fails. Her flesh loses its firmness. Her eyes are dull. She has no home happiness, no social enjoyment.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases which destroy the health. It establishes regularity, dries damply drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It gives good health to women, which means tranquil nerves, a good appetite and sound sleep.

"I was a great sufferer two years ago with female trouble and I wrote to you for advice," says Mrs. Mattie Hays, of Buffalo, New York. "I had a doctor sent me by your directions, and now feel like a different person. I never expected to hear from you when I wrote to you. In three days after I commenced taking your medicines I began to feel better. I took twenty dollars worth of the favorite Prescription, and soon found myself well again. I paid \$5 a day for all my medicine. I would not take one thousand dollars for the good the medicine has done me. I can't praise it enough. I wish all who suffer with such troubles would give Dr. Pierce's medicines a fair trial. I can work all day—do anything, walk where I please, and feel good. Many thanks to you for your kind advice."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 cent stamp to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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To Nursing Mothers, it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and protoplasm to the milk, whereas the last is coagulated.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

Directions—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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The Mercury.

JOHN F. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, June 15, 1901.

There is a growing disposition among the people of the city to make September 10 a Newport holiday to take the place of the lost Election day.

While the latest yachts sail well, the tendency of their masts and rigging to go by the board indicates a serious defect in construction. The first requisite of a vessel is that she should hold together.

The fete Committee should get to work soon if they expect to have a celebration worthy of the occasion in the first week in August. There is time enough to arrange for a great occasion but it should not be delayed much longer.

The per capita of wealth in the United States was \$309 in 1850, \$780 in 1870 and is now \$1200. What it will be in the year 2000 is a sum calculated to stagger the statistician. Still there are lots of us that are still looking for our twelve hundred.

President McKinley has set at rest the third term bogey by emphatically declining to be a candidate. No one supposed he would run again, but the emphatic manner in which he states his declination is a crushing blow to the anti-imperialist faction, who were getting ready to shout "Emperor McKinley."

A Chicago paper says that Americans have the reputation of being the most profane people on earth. That paper might have been a little nearer the truth had it said "Chingongs." There is too much profanity everywhere, but to libel all Americans that way is going a little further than we think facts will justify.

The English language is marching on. Australia is now the third largest English-speaking country in the world. By the recent censuses, English is spoken by 130,000,000 people in the United States and the British Empire. This is commendable progress for a language that a few hundred years ago was unknown.

How much better it would have been to have spent the nearly seventy-five thousand dollars that the so-called Harbor Park has cost in improving Long wharf. The entire city is interested in this thoroughfare while but very few people have any interest whatever in that dumping ground composed of flats, misnamed Harbor Park.

The roadbed is in bad condition on Broadway and Washington square. The attention of our new street commissioner is respectfully called to these places. Many persons seem to think that because the former street commissioner lived on the Point and the present official resides in the fifth ward the other portions of the city must naturally be neglected. That does not necessarily follow. The street commissioner should have an eye to the interests of the whole city, regardless of what locality he happens to.

The Porto Ricans are experiencing American prosperity. Business of all sorts in the island is better now than it has been in many years. Of course, it will be still better as soon as the islanders become thoroughly Americanized and adopt American methods. The advances, too, which will come soon in the island's political status will help all sorts of trade among its people. A full territorial government for the Porto Ricans is sure to be granted within the next few years. Then state government will not be far in the distance. This is the kind of "imperialism" which is in store for the new Americans of the Gulf of Mexico.

Kicking An Invited Guest.

Without any suggestion from Mr. Lawson, the cup committee of the New York Yacht Club, as Mr. Ledyard admitted in one of his letters, invited Mr. Lawson to bring his Independence to aid in the defense of the America's Cup. Mr. Lawson accepted, and proceeded to try to arrange the terms.

To his amazement and indignation, Mr. Lawson immediately found that he was not dealing with sportsmen, but with lawyers, and a peculiarly irritating and pettifogging kind of lawyers. With temper not unnaturally ruffled, but with commendable consideration for the patriotic end—the defense of the cup—Mr. Lawson continued to negotiate. He offered his yacht to the club or to any members thereof whom the committee might designate, or to the committee.

As he was dealing with legal hair-splitters, he had his offer drawn up in due legal form.

Instead of being pleased by his attempt thus to humor the jocund of these sea lawyers for law and technicality, the Cup Committee has grown red in the face, and by declining to have anything further to do with him has confirmed the impression that, in its opinion, the so-called international cup races are private New York Yacht Club affairs.

This committee, so narrow, so priggish, so snobbish, must certainly represent the New York Yacht Club. It is impossible that a club containing so many gentlemen and sportsmen of the very best American type can harbor such a kicking of an invited guest and such a view of the duty of defending the America's Cup.

Let the members of the New York Yacht Club ask themselves this question: If Independence is excluded from the competition by the pettifoggers, who first invited and then snubbed Mr. Lawson, and if Lipton should, by some mischance, lift the cup, what would be the position of the New York Yacht Club? N. Y. World.

Newport Cup Races.

The dates for the races at Newport under the auspices of the Newport Yacht Racing Association has been changed to July 6, 8, 10 and 12. The entries include the Constitution, built by the Herreshoffs for the cup defender; the Independence, Lawson's yacht designed by Crowninshield; and the Columbia, the last cup defender. These races should and undoubtedly will prove of great interest to the yachting world and the general public for the reason that they may be the only races in which the Constitution and Independence will meet. There is a large portion of the public that would rejoice to see the Lawson yacht defeat the Bristol yacht and for this reason it is believed that crowds will flock to this city during the Newport races.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A surprise party was given Mr. Archie W. Sleeper at his residence on Poplar street Thursday evening by a merry party of friends, and the guests were pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Otis D. Sleeper, who had arranged a very pleasing program for the evening. Whist was played for several hours, four tables being in use, and at the finish the scores were counted and the prizes awarded. Mrs. George W. Mason and Mr. John C. Sleeper were given the first prizes and Miss Elouisa A. Hall and Mr. Charles H. Barlow captured the consolation, which afforded great amusement to all present. Mr. Sleeper then entertained his friends with his phonograph and this added much to the enjoyments of all. Refreshments were served and at a late hour the guests departed after an exceedingly pleasant evening's enjoyment.

Teachers' Certificates.

The examinations for State Certificates will be held Wednesday and Thursday, July 10 and 11, 1901, at the following places, beginning at 9 o'clock each day: Providence, Rhode Island Normal School; Newport, Rogers High School; Woonsocket, High School; East Greenwich, Academy; Westerly, Elm Street School.

On Thursday, June 11th, will occur examinations in Pedagogy, Methods, School Management and School Law. Examination for first and second grade certificates will be held in Providence at 1:30, arriving here at 6:55.

The steamer General, since her spring overhauling and repairing, is in better condition than ever before.

Miss Gladys Brooks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, was preparing to enter her trap Thursday for a drive and had put her foot on the step. The footman was making for the horse's head, but before he could get hold the animal bolted and ran, damaging the trap beyond use and injuring himself, being badly cut. Neither Miss Brooks or the footman were injured.

The Friends' Yearly Meeting, which meets alternately in this city and in Portland, Maine, opened its session at the latter city Thursday. The audience was very large. Besides the New England delegates representatives were also present from England and from Ohio, Iowa, Kansas and Washington. The meetings will continue until Wednesday of next week.

Hon. Clarke H. Johnson, of Rostrevor in this state has been chosen Assistant Dictator of the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Honor. Mr. Johnson is a lawyer with an office in Providence, is a member of the General Assembly and was for many years one of the clerks of the House of Representatives.

Commander E. F. Tilley, Governor of Samoa, and native of this state, fell among thieves Thursday in San Francisco, who beat him with a club and robbed him of his watch and thirty dollars in money. It is believed that he was also drugged. He escaped, however, with only a few scalp wounds.

The annual visitation of the state grand officers to Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, will take place next Tuesday evening. The Grand Matron and a full board of grand officers will be present.

They are having a great small pox scare in Nantucket, another in New Bedford, another in Manchester, N. H., and still another at Berlin, N. H., with scattering cases in many other places.

The engagement is announced of Miss McIntosh, of Glasgow, Scotland, and Mr. Robert Bruce Monroe, of this city, the wedding to take place the latter part of the summer.

The summer schedule of the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Co. begins today, and trips to Narragansett Pier and Block Island will be made daily.

Newport County Items.

NEWPORT COUNTY FAIR.—The Newport County Agricultural Society will hold their next annual fair on September 17, 18 and 19th, and will perhaps continue it on the 20th. The Society is making extra preparations this year to give the best exhibition ever given in this county. The President of the Society is J. Lincoln Sherman, of Middletown; Vice President, Warren R. Sherman, Portsmouth; Treasurer, Edward R. Anthony, Portsmouth; Secretary, Walter B. Chase, Portsmouth; Directors, George E. Sisson, Walter A. Somes, George Coggeshall.

NEW SECRETARY.—Mr. Alton F. Coggeshall, of Middletown, has been chosen Secretary of the State Grange of Rhode Island, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Reynolds, of East Greenwich.

PATRONS FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—The members of the Grange in Rhode Island have formed a fire insurance organization, to be known as the Patrons Fire Insurance Co. The president is J. A. Tillinghast, of the State Agricultural College; Secretary John G. Clarke, of Kingston, F. P. Marchant, of Providence, County, F. P. Nickerson of Kent, County, F. P. Peckham, of Middletown. Already they have about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars pledged, and they have insurance to that amount already placed. This is purely a mutual insurance company and intended to cover property of members of the Grange throughout the State. It starts off in a very satisfactory manner.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Spencer are at the Pan-American Exposition.

The public schools close on June 21st and begin again on September 3rd.

Mr. George B. Hammett, of Springfield, formerly of this city, is spending his annual vacation at his old home.

Miss Pickett, superintendent of the Newport Hospital, is enjoying her annual vacation, which she is spending at her home in Oak Point, Canada.

The Society of the Cincinnati will meet this year as usual on the Fourth of July in the Senate chamber of the old state house, 111 State St., N. Y.

Real Estate Sold.

The executors of the estate of the late George H. Calvert sold at public auction on Wednesday two valuable pieces of real estate on Kay street, one lot was on the corner of Kay street and Main avenue and through it will pass the extension to Mt. Vernon court. The other was on the corner of Kay and Ayraut streets. The prices brought for the land were low, so low in fact that by order of the executors certain of the parcels were withdrawn from the sale.

The two plots were divided into a number of smaller lots, which were sold separately. The Main avenue plot was divided into 11 lots, three of which have their entrance from the Mt. Vernon street extension. The price per foot on this plot ranges from 23 to 45 cents a foot. The corner lot, including the house, was withdrawn by the executors when the bids reached 45 cents.

The lots on the plot at Kay and Ayraut streets brought better prices, one lot selling for 53 cents per foot. Three of these lots were withdrawn from sale however. The two plots are taxed for \$17,100 and the sale realized \$37,729.30 but five of the most valuable lots remain unsold. The purchasers of the Main avenue and Kay street property were Theodore Bigulke, Alexander J. Fludder, Michael Ryman, Miss Antonia Marin, Elizabeth B. Biles, George H. Popple, and Jacob Schleith. The purchasers of the other property were Michael Connolly and Joseph V. Coen.

Trains from New York.

The new 5 p. m. train from New York arrives at Newport at 10:30 p. m. by the steamer General, of the Wickford line, and is a great convenience to the summer people who desire to travel back and forth. It is being well patronized and is greatly appreciated by the traveling people, who can leave their places of business in New York late in the afternoon, and arrive here before bed time. On Saturday a train also leaves New York at 1:32, arriving here at 6:55.

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The new steamer Islander, recently bought in Bangor to take the place on the line between Providence and Seaview, of the Awashook, lately burned, has been laid off for general repairs. The work on her when completed will make this the finest boat that ever ran on that route.

But twelve days remain in which to register. Thus far there has apparently been no organized movement by either party. And as the true remaining issue is very short and everybody is busy at this season of the year the registration will doubtless be very small.

The N. Y., N. H. & L. Railroad has put on another train for Boston and Providence from this city. The new train will leave Newport at 6 a. m. and will be a convenience to those wishing to leave the city early in the morning.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the American Flag and the Stars and Stripes were generally displayed on public and private buildings throughout the city.

Dr. C. F. Barker and wife and Mr. C. M. Cole and wife contemplate spending the winter at the Pan-American Fair.

The hot salt water bath houses, at Eastern's beach, have been opened for season by the Messrs. Crosby.

Mrs. William Mayer is entertaining her father, Hon. Henry Bedlow, at her home in Middletown.

Messrs. John S. Coggeshall, John H. Wetherell and Simeon Hazard are confined to their homes by illness.

Mr. George B. Hammett, of Springfield, formerly of this city, is spending his annual vacation at his old home.

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The public schools close on June 21st and begin again on September 3rd.

Mr. C. F. Barker left Thursday evening for New York, where he joined the Seventh regiment of New York to enjoy a week's camping out at the State Camp.

Lieut. J. T. Sweeney, of the 33d U. S. V. I., will return to his home in

Newport as soon as his regiment is mustered out.

Miss Pickett, superintendent of the Newport Hospital, is enjoying her annual vacation, which she is spending at her home in Oak Point, Canada.

The Society of the Cincinnati will meet this year as usual on the Fourth of July in the Senate chamber of the old state house, 111 State St., N. Y.

A Seven Master.

A seven-masted schooner is soon to be built for Taunton parties, designed to be the longest and greatest cargo carrying craft of that type ever put afloat. The craft will cost when ready for sea about \$250,000, divided into sixty-fourth. The schooner is designed by B. B. Crowninshield, the Boston naval architect, and in point of size the schooner will be the largest sailing craft ever built in this country. She will be of the following dimensions: Length on deck, 235 feet; length on water line, 370 feet; length on keel, 235 feet; breadth of beam, 50 feet; depth of hold, 30 feet; draft, loaded, 26 feet; displacement, 11,600 tons. Her gross tonnage is estimated at 6,000 tons, a thousand more than can be carried by the six-masters George W. Wells and Eleanor A. Percy. Her sails will be of larger total area than ever hoisted by a sailing vessel. The seven masts will be built of steel in the same manner as are the hollow metal spars for the modern cap defenders, and solid wooden topmasts will be set in the head of each. As the construction of a vessel of such great size will require a combination of great strength and nortoo great weight, the entire craft will be built of steel. Not a bit of wood will be used except for the cabin fittings and for sheathing the upper deck. The thickness of the steel plates for the sides of the hull will vary from one-half to nearly an inch in thickness. The frames of this great vessel will be made of steel channel bars, nine inches deep and longitudinal stringers will be put in at frequent intervals to distribute the strain. There will be three decks, but the lower one will not be plated, the beams and stringers being left open to allow the stowing of cargo to better advantage. On the upper or poop deck, running the entire length of the vessel, will be three houses. In the foredeck one will be the forecastle, engine and boiler rooms; the gallery house will be pretty well aft, and further astern will be another engine house. She will be steered by steam, steam-heated and will have electric lights. A double bottom five feet dead amidships and running the entire length of the keel, will permit the use of water for ballast when sailing light.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold to William Rogers Morgan, the well known estate at the corner of Rhode Island Avenue and Buena Vista street consisting of house and 55,000 square feet of land, owned by Miss Emily O. Gibbs.

A. O'D. Taylor has leased to Creighton Wethers for the Honorable W. L. Shepherd, the latter's estate near the eastern end of Miss Road, Middletown, consisting of two houses, stable and six acres of land.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Eugene Hartmann his store No. 18 Bellevue avenue next to Fludder's Block, to Frank J. Cattaneo of St. Barbara, California.

Simeon Hazard has rented the cottage on Prescott Hall road for James T. Ackerson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to William Smith.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for the Gibbs Land Company 12,000 square feet of land at the corner of Hunter avenue and Champlin street, to John C. Burke, Judge of Probate Court.

The estate of Matilda Licher has rented the cottage, No. 69, on the westerly side of Rhode Island avenue, to Edwin C. Post of New York, for the season.

Mr. Harry Sykes Lehr has sublet Mrs. H. Ruthven Pratt's place, on Bellevue avenue, to Mr. E. Hollins Morse, of Boston, who will occupy his new villa on August 1st.

Mr. J. F. D. Lanier has sub-rented the Holloman Cottage, so called, at the end of Bellevue avenue, to Oliver Gould Jennings, of New York, for the season.

Henry D. DeBols has rented his store, No. 103 Bellevue avenue, (DeBols Block), to Mr. P. Nardi, of New York, for the season.

Pan-American Hint.

Quick and Inexpensive Method.

The great Pan-American Exposition has realized fully the expectations of the managers, while the great public is more than pleased with the artistic and inventive displays provided.

The creative genius apparent in the architecture of the many buildings is without equal, and the effects obtained through the marvellous color decorations are simply astounding. The landscape work has devolved the grounds into a

Selected Tale.**DICK SATTERLY'S MARE.**

"Bottom—speed! There's not another horse in the country can approach her."

Dick Satterly stroked the mare gently, lovingly, as he turned to the blacksmith. Bowers smiled and winked to the crowd standing near.

"Will you try her against my black—for five dollars?"

"For five or five hundred," said Dick, quickly, as he put his hand into his pocket. Bowers laughed.

"I was joking."

"I am in earnest. She'll do anything in reason."

Just then Miss Atcomb walked around the corner. Half a dozen hats were off in an instant. Judge Atcomb's daughter was the belle of the country. Dick's eyes were on his mare—he did not see her, or pretended to be looking at the mare's left fore foot. Then a snip needed looking after! By this time Miss Atcomb passed the smithy. Dick stood upright again, but several who were pretty well informed concerning the relations of these two thought there was unusual color in Dick's face.

Everybody said they would be married in the spring, when Dick returned from abroad. But the judge's daughter evidently had changed her mind, or Dick had. And everybody talked about them. There was universal regret—they seemed just fitted to each other.

Dick jumped into his new box buggy, a great beauty, and disappeared around the end of the lane in less than a minute. The smith reentered his shop, whistler several followed him. Spilling was said of the judge's daughter—her great deal was said of Dick and his new purchase. The mare was a beauty.

About half an hour after Dick rode away, a few drops fell in the dust opposite the smithy. The smith looked out haniomer to find:

"There's going to be a awful storm, boys. Sluggins of rain—I see it coming over the hills."

The loafers sauntered out. Ham Lacock allowed there was oceans ready to drop somewhere; Lea Betsy was sure it would tear up things in the creek, and Pat Moore, an old Irishman, whose weather knowledge made him an authority, after scanning the swiftly approaching cloud, cried:

"I've something more to do than waste time here—I'll go where I'm needed," and scurried home.

"Bad time for them young ladies over to Miller's farm, if they ain't across the creek before that blow catches 'em." The smith hit the hot iron a strike that sent a shower of scales around him.

And at that moment Dick Satterly checked his mare in the road. He was but speaking to his mare gently, when something a bystander said caused him to lift his head.

"What's that, Jerry?"

"Nothing. I only said they would get a good wetting anyhow they'd fix it."

"Who?" Dick swept the crowd with a look that challenged attention.

"Why, Miss Atcomb and Hattie Holloway went over to Miller's—and we was just saying—!"

A terrible clasp of thunder rent the speech short. A limb of the locust just opposite the smithy swept down, cracked, then hung limp.

"A right smut blow, that," said Bowers.

"When did they start?" Dick demanded, curtly.

"They'll be caught before they can get to the bridge," said the smith.

"They won't bob be," said Jerry Hart. "I heard Miss Holloway say she's got to go up to her aunt's first, and Miss Atcomb said she'd keep right on."

Dick Satterly leaped into his buggy again.

"You are sure she went the lower road, Jerry?"

"That's what she said—she'd go right on."

Then the crowd turned to look at each other. For the first time the truth dawned on them. The new bridge was only partly completed. A man with steady nerves might cross in calm weather—but then his senses would venture on it in a storm. Wayfaring would be compelled to cross on the old bridge. But if the creek overflowed, as it always did when there was a heavy rain, anybody caught between the foot of the hill and the end of the bridge would drown. The current was so swift across Lytle's flat that all hope of saving one's life by swimming was cut off.

Dick saw what their terrified faces said; his own grew pale also. Beyond the hills, lying in a purple haze, half an hour earlier in the day, other hills lined their course away to the west. Then the hills became close together. At their base the valley narrowed like the neck of a bottle. It was the beetling cliffs here that held the waters back in flood time. The old bridge was under water sometimes six feet. The stones were torn away frequently by the force of the current.

At that moment Dick saw a figure standing on the old bridge; saw it as plainly as if a hill did not intervene between the smithy and the valley. The figure was looking upward appealingly—her hands were knit together in her despair.

A tremendous cut across the mare's back caused her to leap forward—she shot out like an arrow. Dick's voice was borne back to the group of lookers in the gale. What he said I need not repeat. It was not prayer—it was rather an impression.

The group before the smithy reentered it hurriedly as a tremendous downpour drenched the entire premises. The water dripped through the roof, ran in deep rivulets across the road, then pitched it in a stream that ran headlong down the roadside. As the elements roared and writhed, tugging madly at the smithy, its occupants indulged in vague speculation concerning the chances of the judge's pretty daughter. If she was really on the lower road—well, words failed to express their horror.

No horse that God ever made could make the flat in time to save Miss Atcomb's life—that much was certain. Bowers assented to this opinion at the moment Jerry pronounced it. And nobody knew better than Jerry.

Meantime Dick Satterly drove down the slope on the eastern side of the hill as if there was no danger of stumbling and rolling over the cliff bordering the side of the road. Away through the blinding, crashing storm, with eyes closed half the time—the rain pelting his face like bullets. His mare did not merely gallop—there were times when horse and buggy fairly leaped great lengths; times when it seemed the mare slid five times her length on that long, perilous slope. But Dick Satter-

ly thought of only one thing—the figure pleasured in his mind's eye when Jerry spoke of the low road never left his brain. It grew stronger.

Through pools of water, through deep mud and over great boulders, where the lumps of mud were flying high in the air, under sweeping trees that lashed his face, Dick drove madly on. Veering neither to the right nor left so much as a hair's breadth, with his eyes fixed steadily in front of him, and rigid jaws, he drew a long breath—then he urged his mare on, on again; but now it was with a coaxing, wheedling voice.

"For the love of God, Bessie! There's two lives at stake, Bessie—her and mine. Faster, Bessie—faster! If you can!" Until Bessie fairly flew.

"I was joking."

"I am in earnest. She'll do anything in reason."

Just then Miss Atcomb passed the smithy. Half a dozen hats were off in an instant. Judge Atcomb's daughter was the belle of the country. Dick's eyes were on his mare—he did not see her, or pretended to be looking at the mare's left fore foot. Then a snip needed looking after! By this time Miss Atcomb passed the smithy. Dick stood upright again, but several who were pretty well informed concerning the relations of these two thought there was unusual color in Dick's face.

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About half an hour after Dick rode away, a few drops fell in the dust opposite the smithy. The smith looked out haniomer to find:

"There's going to be a awful storm, boys. Sluggins of rain—I see it coming over the hills."

The loafers sauntered out. Ham Lacock allowed there was oceans ready to drop somewhere; Lea Betsy was sure it would tear up things in the creek, and Pat Moore, an old Irishman, whose weather knowledge made him an authority, after scanning the swiftly approaching cloud, cried:

"I've something more to do than waste time here—I'll go where I'm needed," and scurried home.

"Bad time for them young ladies over to Miller's farm, if they ain't across the creek before that blow catches 'em." The smith hit the hot iron a strike that sent a shower of scales around him.

"That's what she said—she'd go right on."

Then the crowd turned to look at each other. For the first time the truth dawned on them. The new bridge was only partly completed. A man with steady nerves might cross in calm weather—but then his senses would venture on it in a storm. Wayfaring would be compelled to cross on the old bridge. But if the creek overflowed, as it always did when there was a heavy rain, anybody caught between the foot of the hill and the end of the bridge would drown. The current was so swift across Lytle's flat that all hope of saving one's life by swimming was cut off.

Dick saw what their terrified faces said; his own grew pale also. Beyond the hills, lying in a purple haze, half an hour earlier in the day, other hills lined their course away to the west. Then the hills became close together. At their base the valley narrowed like the neck of a bottle. It was the beetling cliffs here that held the waters back in flood time. The old bridge was under water sometimes six feet. The stones were torn away frequently by the force of the current.

At that moment Dick saw a figure standing on the old bridge; saw it as plainly as if a hill did not intervene between the smithy and the valley. The figure was looking upward appealingly—her hands were knit together in her despair.

A tremendous cut across the mare's back caused her to leap forward—she shot out like an arrow. Dick's voice was borne back to the group of lookers in the gale. What he said I need not repeat. It was not prayer—it was rather an impression.

The group before the smithy reentered it hurriedly as a tremendous downpour drenched the entire premises. The water dripped through the roof, ran in deep rivulets across the road, then pitched it in a stream that ran headlong down the roadside. As the elements roared and writhed, tugging madly at the smithy, its occupants indulged in vague speculation concerning the chances of the judge's pretty daughter. If she was really on the lower road—well, words failed to express their horror.

No horse that God ever made could make the flat in time to save Miss Atcomb's life—that much was certain. Bowers assented to this opinion at the moment Jerry pronounced it. And nobody knew better than Jerry.

Meantime Dick Satterly drove down the slope on the eastern side of the hill as if there was no danger of stumbling and rolling over the cliff bordering the side of the road. Away through the blinding, crashing storm, with eyes closed half the time—the rain pelting his face like bullets. His mare did not merely gallop—there were times when horse and buggy fairly leaped great lengths; times when it seemed the mare slid five times her length on that long, perilous slope. But Dick Satter-

ly thought of only one thing—the figure pleasured in his mind's eye when Jerry spoke of the low road never left his brain. It grew stronger.

Through pools of water, through deep mud and over great boulders, where the lumps of mud were flying high in the air, under sweeping trees that lashed his face, Dick drove madly on. Veering neither to the right nor left so much as a hair's breadth, with his eyes fixed steadily in front of him, and rigid jaws, he drew a long breath—then he urged his mare on, on again; but now it was with a coaxing, wheedling voice.

"For the love of God, Bessie! There's two lives at stake, Bessie—her and mine. Faster, Bessie—faster! If you can!" Until Bessie fairly flew.

"I was joking."

"I am in earnest. She'll do anything in reason."

Just then Miss Atcomb passed the smithy. Half a dozen hats were off in an instant. Judge Atcomb's daughter was the belle of the country. Dick's eyes were on his mare—he did not see her, or pretended to be looking at the mare's left fore foot. Then a snip needed looking after! By this time Miss Atcomb passed the smithy. Dick stood upright again, but several who were pretty well informed concerning the relations of these two thought there was unusual color in Dick's face.

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Her Touch.

A sailor who met with a serious accident was carried to the London Hospital. The poor mother went to the building to see her son. She was met with a kind but firm refusal from the house physician, but nothing daunted she pleaded for admission to the poor fellow's bedside. Who could resist a mother's entreaties? The safety of the patient lay in his being kept absolutely quiet, but the physician consented to her admission on condition that she did not speak a word.

She stole softly to his bedside and gazed as only a mother can at her unconscious boy. She dared not speak, but a mother's love was not to be denied all expression, and gently laying her hand on his fevered brow she let it rest there a moment and then noiselessly crept from the room.

The watchful nurse heard the commissive murmur the words, "Her touch," and rousing herself he added, "Surely my mother has been here. I know her touch."

Ah, there was an electric thrill of sympathy in that touch which told its own tale to the dying man. Weekly Bouquet.

Remarkable Power.

A dear old lady was taken one day to a musical service in a Boston church. She had heard much about the fine voice of the soprano and was prepared for a treat.

She sat in rapt enjoyment until the service was over and then turned a radiant face toward her escort, who was a young grandson.

"Dear boy," she said, "you've given me a great treat. Her voice is perfectly beautiful. It made cold chills run all up and down my spine."

"It's too bad, grandmamma," said the boy, "but she didn't sing today, though she was there. The gentleman next me says she's been suffering from a bad cold, and one of the chorus had to sing the solos for her."

"What dear?" said the old lady, looking momentarily distressed. Then her face cleared and she patted his arm reassuringly.

"Never you mind," she said. "We can come again some time. But, after all, if she can make me feel that way without singing I don't know that it would be wise for me to hear her. Now, would it?"—Youth's Companion.

His Spelling Match.

Dobbs met his friend Turner in the train. They were both going to Birmingham and stopped at the same hotel. Turner registered his name "E. K. Philologyrith."

Dobbs, noticing it, exclaimed, "Here, what are you using such a foreign, outlandish name for?"

"I am not assuming any foreign name," replied Turner.

"What kind of a name is it, then?" "That is my identical old name, and it is English too—pronounced 'Turner'."

"I can't see how you make 'Turner' out of those 13 letters; besides, what is your object in spelling that way?" asked Dobbs.

"Well, you see, nobody ever noticed my name on the register when I wrote it 'Turner,'" the latter explained, "but since I commenced writing it 'Philologyrith' I set them all guessing. It is, as I said before, English spelling. 'Pht' is the sound of 't' in 'philothis'; 'olo' is the sound of 'n' in 'colonel'; 'gn' there is the 'n' in 'gnat'; 'rrh' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh'. Now, if that doesn't spell 'Turner' what does it spell?"—London Standard.

A Large Order.

The man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into the restaurant, and, like some other men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Walter," he said, "I want you to bring me a boiled elephant."

"Yes sir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And water, bring it on toast."

"Yes sir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the man, "are you not going to bring it?"

"Yes sir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Order is, sir, that we get pay in advance for elephants, sir. Elephant on toast, sir, is £1,500, £s. 2d. If you take it without toast, sir, it is only £1,500, sir."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the man climbed down.—London Tit-Bits.

One Still Nicer.

Mrs. Newman. Oh, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectly lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, the cutest nose and eyes of heavenly blue. It looks as if it had just dropped from heaven and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels.

Mr. Newman. Is it as nice as our baby?

Mrs. Newman. Merely! No; not half as nice.—Pearson's Weekly.

Stadium for Sports.

Handsome recognition of the popular sports of the Western Hemisphere has been made by the Pan-American Exposition. The Stadium is the largest and most beautiful arena for sports ever erected in America. It covers a plot 678 by 450 feet and has a quarter mile track with a width of 20 feet and ground area ample for the requirement of all the events contemplated. The seating capacity is 12,000.

Too Profuse.

Managing Editor—Quiller writes more than twice as much as any other man on the staff. He really deserves to have his salary raised.

Business Manager—On the contrary, he ought to have it reduced. Just think of the money he costs us in a year in the matter of pens, ink and paper!—Boston Transcript.

"Look here!" cried the victim, "you said that house was just a stone's throw from the station."

"Well?" inquired the real estate agent.

"Well, the distance is half a mile at least."

"Is that all? Time and again I've seen a blast in a quarry that would throw stones upward of a mile." Philadelphia Press.

Many men in China do not marry, the priests who serve in the temples and those who take up literary pursuits abstaining by choice, while many remain single by reason of their poverty.

\$5,000 for Twenty Words.

One day Andrew Carnegie at Pittsburgh called up one of the New York lawyers by long distance telephone.

The steelmaker wanted to ask a question, but could not make himself understood clearly over the telephone, so he asked the lawyer to come to Pittsburgh.

The lawyer said he had an important appointment in New York next day and could not get away.

"Come over now, then," Mr. Carnegie said.

"Can't get train," answered the lawyer.

"Hire a special," was the answer which came back from Pittsburgh.

So the lawyer engaged a special train, went to Pittsburgh and saw Mr. Carnegie.

The steelmaker asked the lawyer's advice as to whether the question troubling him called for "yes" or "no."

The lawyer answered, "No."

"Thank you," said Mr. Carnegie.

"Good night."

The lawyer had said less than 20 words, for which he received \$5,000, said "Good night, Mr. Carnegie," and took a special train back to New York in time to keep his appointment next day.—New York Herald.

Mexico at the Exposition.

Among the interesting features of the Mexican exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition will be the Mexican Government Mounted Band and Mounted "Húsares," the personnel of which will be as follows:

A chief, with an adjutant officer, 50 musicians, with a commanding officer.

Twenty mounted "Húsares" with a mounted commanding officer.

A corporal and four infantry soldiers, corporal and four mounted soldiers, a corporal and four artillery soldiers, a corporal and four engineers. This group will be commanded by a second class captain.

The total force will be as follows: A chief, 4 officers, 90 soldiers and 26 horses. They will be quartered in the "Streets of Mexico."

There will be separate departments for the chief, for the cavalry and for the rest of the force.

Like a Circus.

Mr. Bingo, the junior member of the firm, had a peculiarly irritating sneeze. It began with an elaborate and terrifying series of facial convulsions and ended with a most lame and impotent paroxysm that always disappointed the expectant observer.

"Your sneeze," said Mr. Gringo, the senior partner, after watching him through one of his sternutations, "is a regular circus."

"A circus?" said Mr. Bingo.

"Yes, sir," was the rejoinder. "The performance never comes up to the advance notices."—Youth's Companion.

The Mermaid's Pun.

Neptune had returned from the market with a fine fish.

"How many pounds does it weigh?" inquired a mermaid.

"He is about a ten-er," responded Neptune.

"If he is a tenor," returned the mermaid, "he cannot, of course, be a bass."

Neptune was stung by the retort, but was much too polite to reply in kind by any allusion to her scales.—New York Marine Journal.

A Costly Funeral.

The most costly state funeral which has ever taken place was perhaps that of Alexander the Great. A round million was spent in laying Alexander to his rest. The body was placed in a casket of gold, filled with costly aromatics, and a diadem was placed on the head. The funeral car was embellished with ornaments of pure gold, and its weight was so great that it took 84 mules more than a year to convey it from Babylon to Syria.

Grandpa's Pet.

A little boy was sitting on his grandfather's knee, talking about various things, when grandpapa pulled out his watch.

"Grandpapa, when you die will you leave that watch for me?" said the boy.

"Well, I don't know—yes, I guess I will," retorted the old gentleman.

"Well, grandpapa, how soon are you going to die?"—Columbus Dispatch.

A Tougher Rail.

"Excuse me," said the citizen of the plains, "but didn't we ride you out of this town on a rail some ten years ago?"

"Believe you did," responded the fearless barnstormer.

"Well, look out this time."

"Oh, I am used to travelling by rail."

"That may be, stranger, but we only have barb wire fences out here now."

—Philadelphia Record.

Most Likely.

Wife. I somehow just feel in my bones that we will go to Europe this summer.

Husband. In which bone do you feel it most?

Wife. Well, I don't exactly know, but I guess it's my wishbone.—Judge.

Punishment and Reward.

Whenever a certain Atchison boy is bad, his mother makes him put on his Sunday clothes. She finds that this is punishment enough, though it is reward for her girls when they behave.—Atchison Globe.

Mutual Exposure.

They had protested they were each other's first and only love.

"And this engagement ring"—he was beginning.

"I do not care for it. It's a style I'm not used to."

"Then, let me tell you, you are the only girl who ever declined it on that account."—Philadelphia Times.

The Bank of Venice, the first establishment of the kind in Europe, was founded in 1871. It continued in existence without interruption until the overthrow of the republic in 1870 by the revolutionary army of France.

Fond Mother (of delicate dude)—I think it is time Clarence selected a profession. What would you advise?

Old Gent (reflectively). It might do nicely as a typewriter girl.—X. Y. Weekly.

He Stunned the Porter.

On one occasion Slim Reeves, the famous tenor, was stranded at a country junction waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was naturally not in the best of tempers. While chewing the end of disappointment an old railroad porter who recognized him from the published portraits entered the waiting room.

"Good evening, Mr. Slim Reeves," he said.

"Good evening, my man," replied the vocalist, getting ready the necessary tip.

"But the man sought for information rather than tips."

"They tell me you earn a heap of money," he remarked.

"Oh!" intimated Mr. Reeves.

"And yet," pursued the porter, "you don't work hard. Not so hard as I do for instance. But I say you earn ten times what I do—eh?"

"What do you earn?" asked the singer.

"Eighteen shillings a week all the year round," said the porter.

Slim Reeves opened his chest. "Do, mi-do," he sang, the last note being a ringing top one. "There, my man; there's your year's salary gone."

The amazed railroad man gazed wonderingly at the singer for a full minute. Then, as though his thoughts were "far too deep for words," he silently resumed his prosaic occupation.—Golden Penny.

Sold at Last.

A traveling man who is absent from the city about 60 days on each trip carried a pair of shoes to a German shoemaker to be half soled. Before leaving on a tour through the country towns, the shoemaker was accustomed to selling articles left with him for repairs if not called for in 30 days. The drummer stated to the shoemaker he would be absent from the city for at least 60 days and would not leave the shoes to be repaired unless he was assured that they would not be sold.

The traveler's trip was prolonged to 90 days. When he returned, he went immediately to the shoemaker for his shoes.

The shoemaker's inability to distinguish between have and half came near resulting in his receiving a thrashing.

"Have you sold my shoes?" asked the drummer.

"Ya, I haf soled them," replied the shoemaker.

"What ya blues did you do that for?" yelled the traveler.

"You told me for to do it."

And then the drummer engaged in a bit of shocking profanity and threatened to clean up the ranch.—Memphis Schmitz.

She Knew the Day Well.

A poor little fated woman had been brought into court as witness in a case involving very important issues. The entire case depended on the fact that a paper had been signed on a certain day, and this the forlorn little woman was prepared to prove.

"You saw the paper signed?" asked the opposing counsel in cross examination.

"Yes, sir."

"And you take your oath that it was the 13th of August?"

"I knew it was, sir."

The lawyer, who thought another date could be proved, assumed an exasperating smile and repeated her words.

"You know it was? And now be so good as to tell us how you knew it."

The poor little creature looked from one countenance to another with wide, sorrowful eyes, as if she sought understanding and sympathy; then her gaze rested on the kindly face of the judge.

"I knew," she said as if speaking to him alone, "because that was the day my baby died."—Pearson's Weekly.

To Rest Her Mind.

"Your little birdie

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and date must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. All facts must be brief and concise. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank envelops, accompanied by the name of the contributor and his signature.

Direct all communications to

Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, June 15, 1901.

NOTES.**REVOLUTIONARY GRAVES**

(continued)

10. WILLIAM DENNIS, Captain of Privateer "America," 1778.
"In memory of
Capt.
William Dennis
who died
Sept 9th 1818
aged 93."

11. HENRY SHEDDICE, Major, first regiment, Continental Line, Oct. 1776; Colonel Commandant, Col. Andrew's Regt.; Colonel, 1777, 1778.
Marker placed beside the graves of his wife, in Trinity Churchyard, where he is probably buried.

12. JOHN TREVETT, Midshipman, ship "Columbus," Continental Navy, 1775. Promoted to Lieutenant of Marines, Feb. 13, 1775; Captain's Mate, sloop "Providence," Continental Navy, October, 1777. Received a Lieutenant's pension from the United States Government for his services.

13. CONSTANT CHURCH TREVETT.
"In memory of
Capt John Trevett,
who departed this life
Nov 6-1823, aged 76."

He was a true patriot of the Revolution and served his country faithfully from the commencement to the close of the war; was honored with various commissions in the Navy; was three times at the capture of New Providence; was in many serious engagements; and received several severe wounds in the cause of Independence; he received as his only reward the satisfaction of reflecting, that by his efforts he had contributed to the establishment of the blood bought liberties of his country.

Also of Elizabeth his noble consort and daughter of the late Capt. John H. Gardiner who departed her life Jan. 22, 1823, aged 74.

And Capt. Constant Church Trevett, Esq.

Also Capt. Eleazar Trevett, Esq., both of whom died in the cause of their country on board the British prison ship near New York at the close of the war."

15. THOMAS TEW, Captain, Newport and Bristol County Regiment Army of Observation, May, 1775.
"In
memory of
Capt Thomas Tew
who died
Dec 10-1821
A. S."

16. JAMES WALLACE, Lieutenant, Lieutenant Colonel's Company of Militia, Oct. 31, 1775; Captain Lieutenant, Lieutenant Colonel's Company of militia, January, 1776; Captain, first regiment of militia, August, 1776. He received a pension for his services as Captain, from the United States Government.

"In memory of
Capt James Wallace
who died
May 4th-1820
aged 71 years.

An American Officer in
the Revolutionary War."

17. HENRY FREEBORN, private, Rhode Island Continental Troops; Ensign, Rhode Island Militia, July, 1776. Received a pension from the United States Government.

"In memory of
Henry Freeborn
who died Oct 12-1835
aged 80 years, 3 mos,
24 days."

Also his wife
Mary
Died April 29-1839
aged 75 years, 11 mos,
24 days.

Precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of his saints."

18. ROBERT FRANKLIN, Private in Captain Smallwood's Company, New York troops.

"Robert M. Franklin
Died Oct 18-1850
Aged 91 years.
His wife
Olivia
Died Jan 8-1818
Aged 85 years."

19. DAVID NASSON, Sergeant, Colonel Vose's Regiment, Massachusetts troops.

"In memory of
Mr. David Nasson
who died Novr 16th 1807
in the 50th year of his age.
Death is a debt to Nature due
Which I have paid and so must you."

20. WALTER BURNS, Private, Captain Holden's Company, enlisted for Newport, for campaign of 1782, March 12, 1782. Received a pension from the United States Government.

"Sacred
to the memory of
Mr.
Walter Burns
who died
Sept 15-1822
aged 72 years."

21. GEORGE CLARKE, Private, Captain Stillman's Company, Militia, Westerly, 1777. Buried in Middletown, Rhode Island.

In a short time markers, already in possession of the chapter, will be placed over the graves of the three following soldiers:

22. ENOS PECKHAM, Private, Captain Christopher Manchester's Com-

pany, 1777, 1778; Private, 1st Division; Captain Cook's Company, Colonial John Cook's Regiment, Rhode Island Militia, July, 1778. Received a pension from the United States Government.

Buried in Middletown, Rhode Island.

23. JAMES TOMPKINS, Private, Captain S. Olney's Company, May 1, 1778. Sergeant, Rhode Island Continental Line. Received a pension as sergeant from the United States Government.

Buried in Little Compton, Rhode Island.

24. JOSEPH CHURCH, Private, Rhode Island Militia. Received a pension from the United States Government.

Buried in Little Compton, Rhode Island.

Of the above soldiers, the following were ancestors of some of the members of William Ellery Chapter, the two last being fathers of the two "Real Daughters" in the Chapter: Captain William Tew, Lieutenant Joseph Perry, Lieutenant Jonathan Simmons, Captain William Dennis, Captain Thomas Tew, Henry Freeborn, David Naso, Walter Burns, George Clarke, Enos Peckham, James Tompkins, Robert Franklin, Joseph Church.—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

1950. BROWN—I should like very much to find out the ancestry of Benjamin Brown who married Priscilla Jillson at Smithfield, R. I., April 12, 1789. He had eleven children, born at Cumberland and Gloucester. I am inclined to think he was of Renoboth or Swanzey, Mass., perhaps son of James and Margaret Brown.—C. S. B.

1951. TINGLEY—Is there any proof that Thomas Tingley, of Attleboro, Mass., (who married 1691 at Rehoboth, Esther Stevens) was son of Samuel Tingley, of Malden?—E. B.

1952. STEVENS—Who was the father of Esther or Hester Stevens, above mentioned?—E. B.

1953. PARTRIDGE—Ensign Timothy Tingley, son of Thomas, married Ruth Partridge. Wanted. His ancestry in full.—E. B.

1954. TINGLEY—Whom did the Rev. Pelethar Tingley, (Yale, 1761) son of Ensign Timothy, marry?—E. B.

1955. TIBBETS. TANNER—Some time ago I made a careful analysis of the family of Henry Tibbets in Austin's Genealogical Dictionary. Under VIII there is a reference to "grandson William Tanner." This "VIII" leaves the impression that VIII is the youngest child of Henry Tibbets. This is impossible. I have in my possession data from the North Kingstown records which prove that the grandson William Tanner was the William whose first wife was Hannah and second wife Elizabeth Reynolds. Consequently the VIII was wife of William of South Kingstown, and VIII was one of the older daughters of Henry Tibbets, who had one child and died, when William married Mary Babcock. I am very confident that I am correct. Can any one help me to prove it?—G. C. T.

ANSWERS.

1062. WILCOX—An old account book, probably once the property of Edward Wilcox, of Tiverton, R. I., gives a few items which may be of interest to E. W. O., if they do not add to her ancestral lines.

"Upon the 18 day of October & ye year 1709 then Elizabeth Willcox of * * * received of her son Edward Willcox * * * just sum of * * * in howfull money of New England.

A Thomas Wilcock of Tiverton an County of Bristol County & province of Massachusetts Bay in New England. Deseced about August ye 16th day at night, being ye seventh day of ye week and ye year one thousand seven hundred and twalf.

Tiverton March the 1, 1772 then Josiah Willcox deceased and his Remains was buried the third Day aged 71 years of his age and laid in the gire lot at his homestead place. Grandson to Daniel Willcox. Son of Edward Willcox.

May 15th Acct. of the ages and names of the children of Edward Willcox of Tiverton and the county of Bristol and ye Province of ye Massachussets Bay in New England.

Josiah Willcox born September 22 day, 1701.

Efron Willcox born August ye 9th day, 1704.

William Willcox born December 26, 1706.

Frelow Willcox born ye 15th day of December, 1709.—E. M. T.

1065. COOKE—Your Silas Cooke appears in the issue of the MERCURY for June 1, 1901, as No. 188. His children, thirteen of them, will be given under that number, and his grandchildren will appear in their turn.—H. R. C.

Portsmouth.

Mr. Henry R. Patterson, of Boston, son of Rev. G. Herbert Patterson, of St. Mary's Parsonage, East road, submitted to an operation for appendicitis on Wednesday, the 12th inst., and is doing excellently well, but his father will be detained in Boston for a few days. There will be no choir practice this week at St. Mary's Parsonage.

The regular monthly meeting of the court of probate and town council took place at town hall Monday afternoon.

In TOWN COUNCIL.—The following bills were received, allowed and ordered paid: George A. Weaver, County \$5, for road plough; William T. Harvey, \$12 for interment expenses; Charles H. Dyer, \$95.00 for repairs on highway; William H. Falmouth \$20.00 for repairs on highway; William T. Harvey, \$6 for four weeks' assistance to outside poor; George H. Pettis, \$21.40, for expenses and equipments for state seal of weights and measures; George E. Sisson, \$100.00, for repairs on highway; Jacob Marz, \$6.75, for expenses in connection with the late Andrew C. Brownell at town farm; Robert H. Manchester, \$2.50, for counsel fees for this meeting; Henry B. Cornell, \$2.50, for expense in moving the town's property; Henry Anthony, \$12.50, for repairs on highway; a statement of damage done by dogs to goings belonging to Isaac Fish amounting to \$6, was certified and ordered paid.

The committee appointed at the annual town meeting to make arrangements for a town clerk's office at the town hall submitted their report and estimates to the town council. The petition of the W. C. T. U. praying

There's Comfort SHOPPING HERE

The broad floors and the high studded walls, allowing a perfect, full, free circulation of air, make it breezy as a spring morning here. No long flights of stairs to climb either, if what you want is on an upper floor the elevator takes you to it.

Summer Suggestions

MEET YOUR EYE AT EVERY TURN,
producing an effect that is truly delightful. If you've a minute to spare, or a train to wait for, come in and enjoy it. The more you make yourselves at home, the better we shall like it.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET.

A Valuable Book.

Civil and Military Lists of Rhode Island, by Joseph Jencks Smith, Providence, Preston & Rounds Co., Vol. I, 1647-1799. Price, \$7.50.

This work gives the name of every commission, civil and military, issued under the authority of the General Assembly at every session. These are very much scattered in the clerk's minutes. To search these out from such an immense manuscript has been the work of several years. This Mr. Smith had first to do and then to arrange in its appropriate session.

Rev. Edward M. Macy, of North Westport, Mass., has received a call to become the pastor of the Portsmouth Christian church.

The regular meeting of the Portsmouth Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, was held in Oakland Hall, South Portsmouth, on Thursday evening.

COURT OF PROBATE.—Inventories on the estates of William S. Carter and Sarah E. Brown were returned, received, allowed and ordered recorded. The first account of Manuel Siza is presented for allowance. It was received and referred to the second Monday.

William L. Sisson, administrator on the estate of Sarah E. Brown, late of this town, presented his petition to the court requesting that he may be authorized and empowered to sell any or all of the articles named and set forth in the inventory appraised thereof. The same is granted. The last will and testament of Elisha Allen, late of this town, was taken up, proved, approved, and allowed and ordered recorded and letters testamentary on said estate granted to Martha W. Allen. The petition of John A. Franklin was taken up and the petitioner given leave to withdraw said petition.

Jiverton.

Mr. J. E. Gray of Cambridge has been doing considerable missionary work in Tiverton since Dec 1 as far as his business engagements would permit. He has spoken in seven churches and chapels and to the scholars in seven of the public schools. Has held meetings for the fishermen at the Fisheries Works, Portsmouth, being assisted by Rev. F. H. Davis, Rev. W. A. Hill, Mr. W. D. Fellows, General Secretary Y. M. C. A., Fall River, Mass., Charles R. Wilson, teacher in the Osborne School, and Walter Wixson, cornetist. Hundreds of Mr. Moody's Colportage books and other good reading have been distributed among the men and the thirty or more fishing steamers belonging to the company. The New Port Y. M. C. A. furnished a large box of magazines.

The last regular meeting of the Literary Circle for the season was held on Monday night with Miss Hazel Hamby. There was a good attendance and interest among the members and continued unabated to the end. The evening's exercises consisted of a vocal solo by Miss Hazel Hamby; piano solo, "The Echoes of Killarney"; Mrs. J. W. Gillord; vocal duet, "The Tale of a Kangaroo"; Misses Minnie Boyd and Hazel Hamby; reading of the Ballad "Cumar Ball" from the novel "Kenilworth," by Miss Grace Mitchens and selections from "Rob Roy" by Mr. C. R. Wilson. The members then together read and discussed the 3d Canto of the poem "Lady of the Lake." On Monday night, 17th inst., the Society will close for the season with an entertainment and collation at the President's house in Canton.

Mr. Smith deserves and should receive great credit for his painstaking work, and we hope that he may receive an early order for the limited number of copies he has for sale.

This part of the work is unique. There can be no doubt many a genealogical puzzle can be solved by consulting these lists. As Rhode Island was famous for her sailors and navigators, the general public will be interested to read for the first time in print the names of these heroes.

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Mrs. McKinley is a great lover of children, and her tact and unaffected delight in the little people have always made her a great favorite among them wherever she goes. There was a time, she says, before Mr. McKinley was President, when she knew nearly every child in Canton. Now it is a grief to her to have to "hurt their feelings," as she expresses it, "by asking their names." Whenever the President's house in Canton is opened for the summer, she is brought in great numbers to visit her, and she is "Auntie McKinley" to them all.

Mr. Harry Savage, son of Mr. L. G. Savage, was in the city the past week. Mr. Savage is located at Newton, Mass., where he is manager of a branch of one of the largest grain elevators in New York.

Mr. C. H. Smith, manager of J. W. Gorman's company, who was at Freeport Park last summer, has taken rooms at the Clinton House.

Mr. B. S. Cottrell, who has spent the winter in Colorado and New Mexico, has returned and his health has greatly improved. He visited the Pan-American

Exposition.

Mr. H. L. Luther has been engaged to sing at All Saints' Chapel for the season.

Dr. McClellan has arrived for the season.

Sergeant Clarence Harrington was married recently to Miss Isabell Stone, of East Attleboro, Mass.

The watering carts have made their appearance.

Mrs. George R. Stearns will not be able to come to Jamestown for several weeks, as she is suffering from an attack of pleurisy in New York.

When will the people of the South ever cease making fools of themselves?

Messrs. A. L. Sloane and John Powell Cozzens of the Newport Branch of the Industrial Trust Company are among the visitors at the Pan-American exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow Spencer are in New York, and will shortly visit the Pan-American Exposition. They will sail for Europe on July 10, accompanied by their son, remaining abroad for the summer.

The Belgian legation at Washington will have temporary quarters at New York during July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Klug have arrived for the season.

CINCINNATI OF RHODE ISLAND

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Act of the General Assembly of February 25, 1901, that the annual meeting of the "Society of Cincinnati in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," instituted by officers of the Rhode Island Continental Line of the Revolution on June 21, 1776, will be held at the Town Hall in Middletown, on Saturday, June 1, 1901, at 10 o'clock a.m., and that the same may be granted to the late Executive Officer named in said will.